# CLEOPATRA:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS. THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIM IN HIS OWN HAND

# By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER XXV.

ME LAST MISERY OF HARMACHIS; THE CALL-ING DOWN OF THE HOLY INIS BY THE WORD OF PEAR; THE PROMISE OF ISIS; THE COMING OF ATOUA, AND THE WORDS OF ATOUA.

I crouched upon the floor gazing at the dead bedy of my father who had lived to curse me, the utterly accursed, while the darkness crept and gathered round us, till at length the dead and I were alone in the black silence. Oh, how tell the misery of that hour ?—imagination cannot dream it, nor words paint it forth! Once more in my wretchedness I bethought me of death. A knife was at my girdle, wherewith I might cut the thread of sorrow and set my spirit free. Free? aye, free to fly to face the last vengeance of the holy Gods! Alas! and alas! I did not dare to die. Better the earth with all its woes than the quick approach of those unimagined terrors that, hovering in dim

Amenti, wait the a ivent of the fallen. I grovelled on the ground and wept tears of agony for the lost, unchanging past-wept till I could weep no more; but from the silence came no answer, no answer but the echoes of mygrief. Not a ray of hope! My soul wandered in a darkness more utter than that waich was about mo-I was forsaken of the Gods and cast out of men. Terror took hold upon me, crouching in that lonely place hard by the majesty of the awful dead. I rose to fiv. How could I fly in this gloom ?-how find my path down the passages and amid the columns? and where should I fly who had no place of refuse? Once more I crouched down, and the great fear grew on me till the cold sweat ran from my brow and my soul was faint within mt. Then, in my last despair, I prayed aloud telsis, to whom I had not dared to pray for

many days. Olsis! Holy Mother!" I cried: "put away Thy wrath, and of Thine infinite pity, O Thou all pitilul, hearken to the voice of the anguish of him who was Thy son and servant, but who by sin hath fallen from the vision of Thy love, Othroned Glory, who, being in all things, hast of all things understanding and of all griefs knowledge, cast the weight of Thy mercy against the scale of my evil doing, and make the balance equal. Look down upon my woe, and measure it; count up the sum of my repentance, and take Thou note of the flood of serrow that sweeps my soul away. O Thou Holy, whom it was given to me to look upon face to face, by that dread hour of commune I summon Thee; I summon Thee by the mystic word. Come, then, in mercy to save me; or, in fury, to make an end of that which can no more be borne."

And, rising from my knees, I stretched out mr arms and dared to cry aloud the Word of Fear, the which to use unworthily is death.

Swiftly the answer came. For in the silene I heard the sound of the shaken sistra heralding the coming of the Glory. Then at the far end of the chamber grew the semblance of the horned moon, gleaming faintly in the darkness, and twixt the golden horns rested the small dark cloud, in and out whereof the flery serpent climbed.

And my knees waxed loose in the presence of the Glory, and I sank down before it. Ther spake the small, sweet voice within the

"Harmachis, who wast my servant and my son, I have heard thy prayer and the summons that thou hast dared to utter, which on the lips of one with whom I have communed, hath power draw me from the Uttermost. No Harmachis, may we be one in the bond of love divine, for me hast thou put away of thine own act. Therefore, after this long silence I come, Harmachis, clothed in terrors, and, perchance ready for vengeance; for not lightly can Isis be drawn from the halls of her Divinity."

"Smite, Goddess!" I answered. "Smite, and give me over to those who wreak Thy vengeance; for no longer can I bear the burden

"And if thou canst not bear thy burden here, upon this upper earth." came the soft reply, "how then shalt thou bear the greater burden that shall be laid upon thee there, coming defiled and yet unpurified into my dim realm of Death, that is Life and Change unending Nay, Harmachis, I smite not, for not all am I wroth that thou hast dared to utter the awful machis: I praise not and I reproach not. for I am the Minister of reward and punishment and the Executor of Decrees; and if I give I give in silence; and if I smite in silence do I smite. Therefore, naught will I add to the burden by the weight of heavy words. though through thee it has come to pass that soon shall Isis, the Mystery, be but a memory in Egypt. Thou hast sinned, and heavy shall be thy punishment, as I did warn thee, both in the flesh and in my kingdom of Amenti. But I told thee that there is a road of repentance. and surely thy feet are set thereon, and therein must thou walk with a humble heart, eating o the bread of bitterness, till such time as thy doom be measured.'

"Have I, then, no hope, O Holy?" "That which is done, Harmachis, is done,

nor can its issues be altered. Khem shall no more be free till all its temples are as the desert dust; strange peoples shall, from age to age, hold her hostage and in bonds; new religions shall arise and wither within the shadows of her pyramids, for to every world, race, and age the countenances of the Gods are changed. This is the tree that shall spring from thy seed of sin. Harmachis, and from the sin of those who tempted thee!"

"Alas! I am undone!" I cried. "Yea thou art undone; and yet shall this be given to thee; thy destroyer shalt thou destroy, for so, in the purpose of my justice, is it ordained. When the sign comes to thee, arise, go to Cleoratra, and in such manner as I shall but into thy heart do Heaven's vengeauce on her! And now for thy self one word, for thou hast put Me from thes. Harmachis; and no more shall I come face to face with thee till, cycles hence, the last fruit of thy ein hath ceased to be upon this earth! Yet, through the vastness of the unnumbered years, remember thou this: that love Divine is love eternal, which cannot be extinguished, though everlastingly it be estranged, kepent, my servant; repent and do well while there is yet time, that at the dim end of ages once more thou mayst be gathered unto Me, Still, Harmachis, though ou seest Me not; still, when the very name by which thou knowest Me has become meaningless mystery to those who shall be after thee; still I, whose hours are eternal-1, who have watched Universes wither wane, and, 'neath the breath of Time, melt into nothingness; again, to gather, and, reborn thread the vast maze of space-still. I say, shall I companion thee. Wherever thou goest, in whatever form of life thou livest, there shall I be! Art thou wafted to the farthest Mar, art thou buried in Amenti's lowest deepin lives, in deaths, in sleeps, in wakings, in remembrances, in oblivious, in all the fevers of the outer Life, in all the changes of the Spiritstill, if then wilt but atone and forget Me no more I shall be with thee, waiting thine hour of redemption. For this is the nature of the love Divine, wherewith It loves that which oth partake of its divinity and bath once by the boy tie been bound to it. Judge then. Harmacule: was it well to put this from thee to win the prize of earthly woman? And, now, dare not again to utter the Word of Power till these things be done! Harmachis, for this

As the last note of the sweet voice died away. the herr anake limbed into the heart of the with eloud rolled from the horns of light and was gathered into the blackness. h of the creacent moon grew dim and Yanished. Then us the Goddess passed once

season fare thee well."

more came the faint and dreadful music of the shaken sistra, and all was still,

I hid my face in my robe and even then, though my outstretched hand could touch the chill corpse of that father who had died cursing me, I felt hope come back into my heart, knowing that I was not altogether lost nor utterly rejected of Her whom I had forsaken, but whom yet I loved. And then weariness over-

powered me, and I slept, I woke, the faint lights of dawn were creeping from the opening in the root. Ghastly they lay upon the shadowy sculptured walls and ghastly upon the dead face and long white beard of my father, the gathered to Osiris. I started up, remembering all things, and wondering in my heart what I should do and as I rose I heard a faint footfall creeping down the passage of the names of the Pharaohs.

'La! la! la!" mumbled a voice that I knew for the voice of the old wife, Atoua. "Why, 'tis dark as the House of the Bead! The holy ones who built this Temple loved not the blessed sun, however much they worsnipped him. Now, where's the curtain?"

Presently it was drawn, and Atous entered, stick in one hand and in the other a basket. Her face was somewhat more wrinkled and her scanty locks were somewhat more white than aforetime, but for the rest she was as she had ever been. She stood and peered around with her sharp black eyes, for because of the shadows as yet naught could she see.

"Now where is he?" she muttered. "Osiris -glory to his name-send that he has not wandered in the night, and he blind! Alack! that I could not return before the dark. Alack! and alack! what times have we fallen on when the Holy High Priest and the Governor, by descent of Abouthis, is left with one aged crone to minister to his infirmity! O Harmachis, my poor boy, thou hast laid trouble at our doors! Why, what's this? Surely he sleeps not, there upon the ground ?-'twill be his death! Prince Holy Father! Amenembat! awake, arise!" and she hobbled toward the corpse. "Why, how is By Him who sleeps, he's dead! untended and alone-dead! dead!" and she sent her long wail of grief ringing up the sculptured walls. "Hush! woman; be still!" I said, gliding

from the shadows, "Oh, what art thou?" she cried, casting down her basket. "Wicked man, hast thou murdered this holy One, the only holy One in Egypt Surely the curse will fall on thee, for though the Gods do seem to have forsaken us now in our hour of trial, yet is their arm long, and certainly they will be avenged on him who hath

slain their anointed !"
"Look on me, Atoua." I cried. "Look! aye, I look-thou wicked wanderer who hast dared this cruel deed! Harmachis is a traitor and lost far away, and Amenembat. his holy father, is murdered, and now I'm all alone without kith or kin. I gave them for him. I gave them for Harmachis, the traitor

Come, slav me also, thou wicked one!" I took a step toward her, and she thinking that I was about to smite her, cried out in fear Nay, good Sir, spare me! Eighty and six. by the holy Ones, eighty and six, come next flood of Nile, and yet would I not die, though Osiris is merciful to the old who served him! Come no nearer-help! help! help!" "Thou fool, be silent," I said; "knowest thou

me not ?" . Know thee?-can I know every wandering boatman to whom Sebek grants to earn a livelihood till Typhon claims his own? And yetwhy, 'tis strange-that changed countenance! -that sear!-that stumbling gait! 'Tis thou, Harmachis!—'tis thou, oh. my boy! Art come back to glad mine old eyes? I hoped thee dead! Let me kiss thee ?-nay. I forget. Harmachis is a traitor, aye, and a murderer! Here lies the holy Amenembat, murdered by the traitor, Harmachis! Get the gone! I'll have none of traitors and of parricides! Get thee to thy wanton !- 'tis not thou whom I did nurse. "Peace! woman; peace! I slew not my father-he died, alas! even in my arms!"

'Aye, surely, and cursing thee. Harmachis! Thou hast given death to him who gave thee life! La! la! I am old, and I've seen many a trouble; but this is the heaviest! I never liked the looks of mummles; but I would I rere one this hour! Get thee gone, I pray thee!" "Old nurse, reproach me not!-have I not enough to bear?"

"Ah, true, true! I did forget! Well; and what is thy sin? A woman was thy bane, as women have been to those before thee, and shall be to those after thee. And what a woman! La! la! I saw her, a beauty such as never was-an arrow pointed by the evil Gods for destruction! And thou, a young man bred as a priest-an ill training-a very ill training! Twas no fair match. Who can wonder that she mastered thee? Come. Harmachis: let me kiss thee! It is not for a woman to be hard upon a man because he loved our sex too much. Why, that is but nature; and Nature knows her business, else had she made us otherwise. But this is an evil case. Knowest thou that this Macedonian Queen of thine hath seized the Temple lands and revenues, and driven away the Priestsall, save the holy Amenemhat, who lies here, and whom she left. I know not why: ave, and caused the worship of the Gods to cease within these walls. Well, he's gone!-he's gone! and indeed he is better with Osiris, for his life was a sore burden to him. And hark thou Rarmachis: he hath not left thee empty handed ; for as the plot failed, he gathered allhis wealth and it is large, and hid it-where. I can show

thee-and thine it is by right of descent."
"Talk not to me of wealth. Atous. Where shall I go and how shall I hide my shame?" "Ah! true, true; here mayst thou not abide. for if they found thee, surely they would put thee to the dreadful death-aye, even to the death by the waxen cloth. Nay, I will hide thee, and, when the funeral rites of the boly Amenembat have been performed, we will fly hence, and cover us from the eyes of men till these sorrows are forgotten. La! la! it is a sad world, and full of trouble as the Nile mud is of beetles. Come, Harmachis, come."

# CHAPTER XXVI.

ON THE LIFE OF HIM WHO WAS NAMED THE LEARNED GLYMPUS, IN THE TOMB OF THE HARPERS THAT IS BY TAPE; OF BIS COUNSEL TO CLEOPATRA; OF THE MESSAGE OF CHAR-MION: AND OF THE PASSING OF OLYMPUS DOWN TO ALEXANDRIA.

These things then came to pass. For eighty days was I hidden of the old wife. Atoua, while the body of the Prince, my father, was made ready for burial by those skilled in the arts of embalming. And when at fast all things were done in order. I crept from my hiding place and made offerings to the spirit of my father, and placing lotus flowers on his breast, went thence sorrowing. And on the following day, from where I lay hid I saw the pries s of the Temple of Osiris and of the holy Shrine of Isis come forth, and in slow procession bear his painted coffin to the sacred lake and lay it 'neath the funeral tent in the consecrated boat. I saw them celebrate the symbol of the trial of the dead and name him above all men just, and then bear him thence to lay him by his wife, my mother, in the deep and splendid tomb that he had builded near to the resting place of the most holy Osiris, where, notwithstanding my sins, I, too, hope to sleep ere long. And when all these things were done and the deep tomb scaled, the wealth of my father having been removed from the hidden treasury and placed in safety, with the old wife, Atoua, I fled, dis guised, up the Nile till we came to Tana (Thebes), and here to this great city I lay a while, till a place could be found where I should

hide myself. And such a place I found. For to the north of the great city are hills brown and rugged. and desert valleys biasted of the sun, and in this place of desolation the Divine Pharaohs. my forefathers, hollowed out their tombs in the solid rock, whereof the most part are lost to this day, so cunningly have they been hidden. But some are open, for the accurred Persians and other thieves broke into them in search of treasure. And one night-for by night only did I leave my hiding place-just as the dawn was breaking on the mountain tops. I wandered alone in this sad Valley of Death. like to which there is no other, and presently

great rocks, which thereafter I knew for the lace of the burying of the Divine Rameses. the third of that name, now long gathered to Osiris. And by the faint light of the dawn creeping through the entrance I saw that it was spacious, and that within were chambers. On the following night, therefore, I returned, bearing lights, with Atous, my nurse, who ever ministered faithfully to me as when I was little and without discretion. And we searched the mighty tomb and came to the great hall of the sarcophagus of granite, wherein sleeps the divine Rameses, and saw the mystic paintings on the walls-the symbol of the Snake unending, the symbol of Ra (the sun) resting upon the Scarabeus, the symbol of Ra resting upon Nout, the symbol of the Headless Men, and many others whereof, being initiated, well I read the mysteries. And opening from the long-descending passage I found chambers whereon were paintings beautiful to behold. and of all manner of things. For beneath each chamber is entombed the master of the craft whereof the paintings tell, he who was the chief of the servants of the craft in the house of the divine Rameses. And on the walls of the last chamber-on the left-hand side, looking toward the hall of the Sarcophagus-are paintings exceeding beautiful, and two blind Harpers playing upon their tent harps even before the God Mou; and beneath the floor these Harpers, who harp no more, are soft at sleep. Here, then, in this gloomy place, even in the tomb of the Harpers and the company of the dead, I took up my abode; and here for eight long years did I work out my penance and make atonement for my sin. But Atoua, because she loved to be near the light 'abode in the chamber of Boats-that is, the first chamber on the right-hand side of the gallery look-

ing toward the hall of the Sarcophagus. And this was the manner of my life. On every second day the old wife, Atoua, went forth and brought from the city water and such food as is necessary to keep the life from failing, and also tapers made from fat. And one hour at the time of sunrise and one hour at the time of sunset did I go forth also to wander in the valley for my health's sake and to save my sight from falling in the great darkness of the tomb. But the other hours of the day and night, save when I climbed the mountain to watch the course of the stars. I spent in prayer and meditation and sleep, till the cloud of sin lifted from my heart and once more I drew near to the Gods, though with Isis, my heavenly Mother, I might speak no more. And exceeding wise I grew also, pondering on all those mysteries whereto I held the key. For abstinence and prayer and sorrowful solitude wore away the grossness of my flesh, and with the eyes of the Spirit I learned to look deep into the heart of things till the joy of Wisdom fell like dew upon my soul.

Soon was the rumor wafted about the city that a certain holy man named Olympus abode in solitude in the tombs of the awful Valley of the Dead; and hither came people bearing sick that I might cure them. And I gave my mind to the study of simples, wherein Atoua instructed me; and by lore and the weight of thought I gained great skill in medicine, and healed many sick. And thus ever, as time went on, my fame was noised abroad; for it was said that I was also a magician, and that in the tombs I had commune with the spirits of the dead. And this, indeed, I did-though it is not lawful for me to speak of these matters. Thus, then it came to pass that no more need Atoua go forth to seek food and water, for the people brought it-more than was needful for no fee would I receive. Now at first, fearing lest some might in the hermit Olympus know the lost Harmachis, I would only meet those who came, in the darkness of the tomb. But afterward, when I learned how through all the land 't was held that Harmachis was cortainly no more. I came forth and sat in the mouth of the tomb and ministered to the sick, and at times calculated nativities for the great. And thus my fame grew continually, till at length folk journeyed even from Memil and Alexan-dria to visit me; and from them I hearned how Antony had left Cleopatra for a while, and, Fulvia being dead, had married Octavia, the sister of Casar. Many other things I learned

also. And in the second year this I did: I despatched the old wife, Atous, disguised as a seller of simples, to Alexandria, bidding her seek out Charmion, and, if yet she found her faithful, reveal to her the secret of my way ot life. So she went, and in the lifth month from her sailing returned, bearing Charmton's greatings and a token. And she told me that she had found means to see Charmion, and, in talk, had let fall the name of Harmachis, speaking of me as one dead : whereat Charmion, unable to control her grief, wept aloud. Then, reading her heart-for the old wife was very clever, and held the key of knowledge-she told her that Harmachis vet lived, and sent her greetings. Thereon Charmion wept yet more with joy, and kissed the old wife, and made her gifts, bidding her tell me that ever she kept her vow, and waited for my coming and the hour of vengo-

So, having learned many secrets, Atona returned again to Tand. And in the following year came messengers to me from Cleopatra, bearing a scaled roll and great gifts. I opened the roll and read

"Cleopatra to Olympus, the learned Egyptian who dwelleth in the Valley of Death by

The fame of the renown, O learned Olympus, bath reached our ears. Tell thou, then. this to us, and if thou tellest aright greater honor and wealth shalt thou have than any in Egypt: How shall we will back the love of noble Antony, who is bewitched of cupning Octavis and tarries long from us?"

And herein I saw the hand of Charmion, who had made known my renown to Cleopatra. All that night I took counsel with my wisdom, and on the morrow wrote my answer as it was put into my heart to the destruction of Cleopatra and of Antony. And thus I wrote: Olympus the Egyptian to Cleopatra the

"Go forth into Syria with one who shall be sent to lead thee; thus shuit thou win Autony to the arms again and with him gifts more great than thou canst dream."

And with this letter I dismissed the messen-

gers, bidding them share the presents sent by Cleopatra among their company.

So they went wondering. But Cleopatra, seizing on the advice to which her passion prompted her, departed straightwith Fonteius Capito into Syria; and there the thing came about as I had fo etold, for Antony was subdued of her and gave her the greater part of Cilicia, the ocean shore of Arabia Nabathara, the balm-bearing provinces of Judica, the province of Phoenicia, the province of Carlo-Syria, the rich Isle of Cyprus, and all the library of Pergamus. And to the twin children that, with the son I tolemy, Cleopatra had borne to Antony, did he implously give the names of "Kings, the Children of Kings"-of Alexander Helios, as the Greeks name Ra the sun , and of Cleopatra Selene, the long-winged

These things, then, came to pass,

Now, on her return to Alexandria Cleonatra sent me great gitts, of which I would have none, and prayed me, the learned Olympus, to come to her at Alexandria; but it was not yet time, and I would not. But thereafter did she and Antony send many times to me for counsel, and ever I counselled them to their ruin. nor did my prophecies fail.

Thus the long years rolled away, and I, the Hermit Olympus, the dweller in a tomb, the eater of bread and the drinker of water, became by strength of the wisdom that was given me of the avenging l'ower, once more great in Khem. For ever i grew wiser as I trampled the desires of the flesh beneath my feet and

turned my eyes to heaven.
At length eight full years were accomplished. The war with the Parthians had come and gone, and Artavasdes. King of Armenia, had been led in triumph through the streets of Alexandria. Cleonatra had visited Samos and Atheus: and, by her counselling, the noble Octavia had been driven, like some discarded concubine, from the house of Autony at Home. And now, at the last, was the measure of the

came to the mouth of a tomb hidden amid | folly of Antony full even to the brim. For this master of the world had no longer the good gift of reason-in Cleopatra was he lost, even as I had been lost. And therefore, in the event. did Obtavianus declare war against him.

And as I slept at night in the chamber of the Harpers, in the tomb of Pharnoh that is by Taps, there came to me a vision of my father, the aged Amenembat, and he stood over me, leaning on his staff, and spoke saying: 'Arise, my son!-the hour of vengeance is at

hand! Thy plots have not failed: thy prayers have been heard. By the bidding of the Gods, as she sat in her galley at the fight of Actium, I filled the heart of Cleopatra with fears, so that she fled with all her fleet. Now is the strength of Antony broken on the sea. Go forth, and even as shall bethy mind, so do thou,"

In the morning I awoke, wondering, and went to the mouth of the tomb; and there, coming up the valley. I saw the messengers of Cleopatra, and with them a Roman guard.

What will ye with me now?" I asked sternly. "This is the message of the Queen and of great Aptony," answered the Captain, bowing low before me, for I was much feared of all men. "The Queen doth command thy presence at Alexandria. Many times bath she sent. and thou wouldst not come; now doth she bid thee to come, and that swiftly, for she hath need of thy counsel."

"And if I say Nay, soldier, what then ?" These are my orders, most holy Olympus

that by force I bring thee." I laughed aloud. "By force, thou fool! Use not such talk, lest I smite thee where thou art. Know, then, I can kill as well as cure!" "Pardon, I beseech !"he answered, shrinking.

I say but those things that I am bid," Well I know it, Captain. Fear not, I come. So, on that very day I departed, together with the aged Atoua. Aye, I went as secretly as I had come; and the tomb of the divine liameses knew me no more. And with me I took all the treasure of my father, Amenembat, for I was not minded to go to Alexandria empty-handed, and as a suppliant; but rather as a man of much wealth and condition. Now. as I went, I learned that Antony, following Cleopatra, had, indeed, fled from Actium, and knew that the end drew nigh. For this and many other things had I foreseen in the darkness at Tape, and planned to bring about.

Thus, then, I came to Alexandria, and en tered into a house which had been made ready for me at the palace gates. And that very night came Charmion unto

me-Charmion, whom for nine long years I had not seen. [To be Continued.]

# PLOWERS AS EMBLEMS.

Lore, Historical and Romantic, Regarding the Various Floral Badges Told of in Ancient and Modern Myths and Theories. From the London Standard,

Primrose Day bids fair to be celebrated Primrose Day bids fair to be celebrated this year with all its wonted enthusiasm. The primula cult is safe to maintain much of its present popularity, even should the whirliging of time raise up a party leader whose fame will celipse that of Lord Beaconsileid.

This has not always been the fate of symbolical flowers. "A good symbol," it was the opinion of himerson, "is the best argument, and is a missionary to persuade thousands. There is no more welcome rift to men than a new symbol." This may possibly account for the rise, popularity, and persistence of foral symbols. Yet it seems difficult to explain why Wales should have chosen the leek for its cognizance, though the Cymric poets have a good deal to Yet it seems difficult to explain why Wales should have chosen the leek for its cognizance, though the Cymric poets have a good deal to say about the broom. The rectish thistle is more to the point. Yet the northern botanists are by no means at one in assigning that heraldic plant to any known species, or even in agreeing that it is a Carduus at all. The plant with which holyrood is decked on festive days is usually the cotten thistic, which is certainly not a wild plant in North Eritain. The rose has, of course, a romantic tale to explain its choice as the emblem of old England, though, like the majority of such tales, this legend may belong to the myths of the post hor, replet hor order. The fleur-de-lis of France is still less easy of explanation. For, though it is conveniently regarded as a lily, the heraldic painters have so effectually disgulsed it that it is now a mere matter of choice to say what it is. As early as the year loll divilling (who was in those days considered a cunning linder out of indeen things) regarded it device on the Bourbon flag as "three toads," and its affirmed that it was in allusion to these supposed symbols of their country that the popular nickname of "Jean Crapauds" was bestowed on the French people. Still more recently, owing to certain ornaments resembling bees laying been found in the tomb of Childeric father of Covis, it has been thought that perhaps these insects, and not lilies of bling bees having been found in the tomb of Childeric, father of Chovis, it has been thought that perhaps these insects, and not lilles or tonds are represented on the white flag.

It would certainly be difficult for any one to explain why Florence adopted the "giglloblanco," Trussia the lime, Saxony the mignonette, or Ireland the shaunrock, unless, indeed, we are to accept, without question, the legend of 5t. Patrick and his demonstration through it of the mystery of the Trinity. Nor is it much easier for any one who is critical and the Lancastians the red, or why the lands the Lancastians the case of the Children and the Lancastians and the red of the Children and the same the lands of the Children and the same the lancastians the red, or why the lancastians the red, or why the lancastians the red, or why the lancastians the embern of the "voict"

heatisesse was the emblem of the violet crowned city of Atlens.

Again, why was Apolio supposed to love the laurel and the cornel chorry. Plute the cypress and the maiden hair—a moisture-loving fern, which we may take for granted could not be very plentified in his chosen realm—luna the dittany, teres the dafficial. Jupiter the oak, Minerys the city, Backins the vine, and venus the myrile shade?

Why, again, is the Canterbury-bell the flower of St. Augustine: Why is the crocus the emblem of St. Augustine—unless it happens to appear about his festival time—the cardamine of the virgin blary, or the St. John swort of the Beloved Apostic? Mr. Gomme may perhaps hint at these flowers having been totems, and possibly the flowers were neturally lavorites with those whose cornizances they became after their death or were borne on their shields as heraidic emblems during life. But still, the endless floral bindges of the Highland clans are left in the regions of airy myth, ike the betony which was apportioned to St. Firaed as a symbol of the double share of grace with which he was endowed, or the life of St. Thomas A Beekett, or the convaliaria which, according to a hagiological myth, sorang up from the blood of the dragon which St. Leonard slow in a wood standing on the site new occupied by the suburb of itsenfars bearing his name.

It is scarcely less puzzling to give a reasonable explanation of why certain flowers are assigned to or have been appropriated by, certain Indivincels.

assigned to, or have been appropriated by, certain individuals.

The avagonomic violet is a case in point. The modest plant which once made all Paris fragrant on the Bonaparist fete day, was never an object of concern to the "Little Corporal," and only very credulous neopie now swallow the romanifelegend of his telling his adherents, when banished to Liba, that he would "come back with the violets." This story was an invention of after times.

Nor has any one, to our knowledge, gone into the origin of the scarlet carnation as the chosen flower of the Sturte. Jacobitism—the Jacobitism of the Pretender and of the gallant geatlenen who mounced the white cackade, and lost their heads for their pains—is now a vanished faith. Yet to this day mysterious lands yearly deposit wreaths of carnations on

and lost their beads for their pains—is new a vanished inth. Yet to this day mysterious hands yearly deposit wenths of cartastions on the tember of the haples, the oldames if.

Later dominations are less difficult to explain. In truth, except for the problem which individual tastes must a ways remain, there is no freat puzze in the matter. The old knister withelm of the many, who, in spite of his military reputation and general drill-sergeantry, was wonderfully suffused with the Tentonic seatimentality which pervaled Germany is his boynood, was fond of the corollower, and wherever he went, in his later days at least, the whole country side blossomed forth in blue in his henor. The old Emperor's devotion to the memory of his mother absoluted to a cuit, and one of his earliest recollections of her was that when she and her boys were fugitives from Berlin on the occasion of one of Nanoleou's invasions, she rested for a moment by a corolled, and amissed them by pinching the blue corollower, and making them wreaths and nosegays.

The present kaiser is gaid to affect the vio-

blue cornalowers and making them wreaths and noscapas. The present Kaiser is said to affect the violet, a fancy which may clash with that of the lean against the said of the lean against the said of the lean against the said of the lean against the lean again come to the front in krance. A flower was of course, necessary to the Boulangists, and, with characteristic instinct for effect, the partisans of the "national and nonest republic" have chosen the carnation, Nevertheless, the origin of the symbol does not matter, except from a historical point of view. The mysteries of this lorg of heraldry are generally beyond finding out, and not infrom the said of an infrared against the word stampock is that which afterns that the word stampock is derived from the Arabic shamock has also or shilled an and that this weapon is, in truth, the true badge of the Hitbernian race.

From the Kanar Cay Times.

Nevada, Mo., May 3.—At the residence of Elder Watts yesterday E. Williams, aged 50, was married to Miss Bettle Baker, aged 15. The groom is a farmer in good circumstances, while the bride is the daughter of a man who lost his all in a trip to kansas and is now camping on the edge of this city. This is Williams's fourth matrimonial venture. The courtship was of course brief and the consent of the parants was given.

EUCALTPIUS CULTURE NEAR ROME. The Work of Trappist Fathers in Redeem-

ing the Deadly Italian Marshes,

It is well known that the attractions of the lovely Italian peninsula have their drawbacks in the unhealthfulness of many parts of it. On the Mediterranean coast the Pontine marshes and the Tuscan maremme are fever-stricken tracts of the most dangerous sort. A popular saying in regard to the latter is that "in the maremme a man can make a fortune in a year if he does not die in six months." The dreaded Pontine marshes, although not marshy throughout their entire extent, are still more unhealthy, and on that account less cultivated; the greater part of them is devoted to the pasturage of buffaloes. The Adriatic and Sleillan coasts are similarly afflicted, though not so badly. The widely extended plains environing Rome, and known as the Agro Romano, are of volcanic origin, and are at times the seat of malaria so pernicious and so dreaded that as soon as the crops have been gathered at the end of June the entire agricultural population emigrates to the Alban Hill's and does not return until the end of the following October. The old Romans sought by a widespread system of drainage to improve the Agro Romano

and the very numerous ancient drains, about

five feet deep and from twenty-seven to forty

inches wide, discovered in recent years, are

evidence of their plan and work. In modern times, the discovery of some way to render these malarial tracts, particularly the Pontine marshes, salubrious and habita ble, has been the object of eager and persistent study by the sarants of Italy. Twenty and thirty years ago it was usual to find fault with the Papal Government for not discovering and applying a remedy, but the present kingdom of Italy has had opportunity in the possession of Rome to try what it could do, and has accomplished, in respect of the territory about the city, no more than the Popes. The main and apparently irremovable cause lies in the nature of the soll, and a secondary cause in the unwillingness of the owners of the land to devote it to any other than the very profitable use of pasturing sheep and cattle, which yields from 5 to 6 per cent. per annum. But within the last twenty years, all trial prior to that time having resulted in failure, a means of fighting the malaria and greatly lessening it has been discovered. A very interesting account of the application of this means, and of the results, is contained in the May number of the Catholic World, under the heading of "The Eucalyptus Culture at Tre Fontane," From this account

the following particulars are obtained:

Outside the walls of Rome, about two miles from the splendid basilica of St. Paul. is the church and abbey of San Paolo of the Three Fountains, built on the spot where the great Apostle of the Centiles was behended by order of Nero. In the year 299 the place became the scene of another martyrdom, on a much larger scale, by order of the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian. Ten thousand two hundred and three Christian soldiers who would not deny Christ, after being made to work at building the baths of Diccletian, were all butchered there. Their remains were gathered together there. Their remains were gathered together and then buriod. Some time after a church called Scala Cooli was built over them. In 625 Pone Honorius founded near the spot a Benedictine monastery dedicated to the murtyred monks. Vincent and Amastasias. In 1140 Pone Innocent II. withdrew the monastery from the Benedictines, and gave it in charge to Cistercian monks sent at his request by St. Bernard from Chirl Vaux. In the hands of that order it remained until 1802, when the entire property, buildings, land, and real estate owned in Bonne, was placed, by decree of Napoleon I., under the sole control of two imperial commissaries whose administration was one of general havoc. The real estate in Rome was nearly all confiscated, the large sliver reliquaries presented by Charlemagne and other donors disapterated forever, the monasteries were ruined, and the last abbot, after his monks had been driven out, died in dependence on his former cellarer.

After the fall of Nationeon the attention of Leo MI, was first particularly called to the condition of the spoilated shrines and by fall of June 23, 1824, he gave them in charge of Franciscan monks. But during these provious seventeen years of negect the blace, never healthy of old, had become so dreadfully unhealthy that it was called. The Tomb." No one would venture to sten there over might. A lay brother attended at certain bours of the dayting to show the skrines to strangers, and lost as soon as evening came.

In 1867 two Vicars General of the reformed and then buriod. Some time after a church

show the shrines to strangers, and left as seen as evening came.

In 1867 two Vicars General of the reformed order of Cheaux, commonly known as Trappists, came from France to Rome on business of their order. Their attention was called to Tre Fontane, and they made up their minds if it were offered to them to take it with the risks consequent upon occupation. Negatiments, were entered into and Plus IX. by a buildated April I. Das, tem word the Franciscaus, and on terms acreeable to both parties placed the Trappists in possession of the Church of St. Vincent, and St. Anactasius, with the abjoining monactery and the two churches of Seala, Coell, and St. Paul. Trangets a make were sent from monasteries in France and set to work. Plus IX. has sted that from Latropius, founder and first abbit of the monastery of detisemane in heatureky, withouth skyly year old mail in feeble health, should time charge of the audentakin, and wedleted that the other care of the audentakin, and wedleted that the other care of the audentakin, and wedleted that the other care of the audentakin, and wedleted that the "that of the monastery of the audentakin, and wedleted that "the other care of the audentakin, and wedleted that "the other care of the audentakin, and wedleted that "the other care of the audentakin, and wedleted that "the other care of the audentakin, and wedleted that "the other care of the audentakin, and wedleted that "the other care of the audentakin, and wedleted that "the other care of the audentaking and wedleted that "the other care of the audentaking and wedleted the "the other care of the audentaking and wedleted the "the other care of the audentaking and wedleted the "the other care of the audentaking and wedleted the "the other care of the audentaking and wedleted the "the other care of the audentaking and wedleted the "the other care of the audentaking and wedleted the "the other care of the audentaking and wedleted the "the other care of the audentaking and wedleted the "the other care of the audentaking and we there was a great dead of work to be stone willout delay, and no historers to be fadd. Mgr. de
Mcrode, grand almoner of the Pope, and no
that time latriasted with the Supervision of
prisons supplied the want with consict labor
and took a very active part in planning, and
heiging to carry out sanifarry improvements.

In July following their counting into cossession of the premises the Fathers' severe trials
began. Every one of them was stricken with
lever. Toward exening they had to withdraw
to temporary locitous in home. The Trappists are cultivators of the soft, and, as a monleature of their plan for lighting the malaria,
they decided, in 1870, to make trial of the
Eucolysias violatias, then very little known in
Europe. Soed was scarce and dear. They began in a small way, and were not discouraged
by many experimental failures. Their first
attempts were made around the monastery
and within its precincts.

The power of the cucalyptus to absorb
moisture from the soil is particulous. Learned
French agricultural and to restry experts tessity that it can absorb and evaporate in the
space of twelve nours a quantity of water
equivalent in weight to four or live times that
of its foliage, and that in some places water,
always before outh quite close to the sufface
of the soil, after two years growth there of
energy plants germinate after a few days, must
be very close of weeks, well watered, and protected from a vecesive heat and high winds.
After they have attained six or eight months'
growth they are it to be set out in the plantation. They require constant energal dust
mayorable, nenes, the lathers had to do a
great deal of drainage. Nor can the plental
ion, They require constant energand dusture
for three years. A too great abundance of
water in the soil, particularly it stagmant, is
unfavorable, nenes, the lathers had to do a
great deal of drainage. Nor can the plentacoffered an apprachity insurmountaile obstacle to tree planting of any kind. The subsoil is a time of soil when broken us the a

offered an apparently insurmountable obstacle to tree planting of any kind. The subsoil is a tula of steny structure called carciacio, imponertable by the plough, but improving the soil when broken on fine and mixed with it. The Trappist atters but noon dynamite, never be ore used for that purpose, and for rapid blasting purposes invented a boring machine, hand draits having been found too slow and too hard to work. Up to 1879 they had attained complete success in planting only cleven sector of oranity time, but in January, 1888, seventy were being grown, 2000 acres were under cultivation, and 300 con-

in January, isses, seventy were being grown, 2000 acres were under cultivation, and 200 contents and acres were under cultivation, and 200 contents and model growers of the eucalyptus in Europe may be summarized as follows: From 1835 to 1874, at the close of which year bon hatrophis died, after several months of great suffering twelve of the community fell vertims to midarial fever. As soon after their small beginning in 170 as they had got one lecture (two and a nativarers planted with encapptus trees from five to six years old the tenedical effects on the health of the inmates became apparent. No more deaths occurred, the interest of a mild type and became more and more rare. The Fathers and lave letters were of a mild type and became more and more rare. The Fathers and lave letters were on the feel of the contents of the contents of the contents of the feel of the fe

sider best. The Government has not only permitted the continued employment of convict labor, but has organized and regulated it. The convicts supplied are those whose sentence is for less than ten years, and who have served half their time. They are allowed to take pay, receiving 20 cents a day. There are no attempts to escape, and convicts consider it good luck to be assigned to Tre Fontane.

Senator Torolli has shown himself, in the Italian Parliament, to be the riend and advocate of the agricultural colony at Tre Fontane, and has rointed out that the problem which is there beginning to be favorably solved is of the greatest importance to the railway companies having lines on the Modifistranean and Adriatic coasts. At present, in order to keep their stations, inspection cabins, and crossings properly manned which means the keeping of well men to montrily take the place of those that fall sick, they are composited to employ a force twice or three times as large as would be ordinarily required.

The Trappist Fathers manufacture from the encalyptus leaves an elixir resembling charteness, and of pleasant taste. It is said to be proceivative against levers and antisopiic.

The article in the Catholic il ord, after devoting, in conclusion, a few lines to the prespect of useful adaptation of the tree in our country, expresses the hope that it may upon trial, be found very uncongental to mosquitoes. That would be a blessing.

STEALING FROM JUGGERNAUT.

A Curious Yarn Told by an Indian Army

From the Times of India. The tale which I am about to relate was

The tale which I am about to relate was told to me many years ago by a distinguished officer of the Madras army. For obvious reasons the names have been altered, but to this day by the camp fires of the great festival held every year is told with based breath the terrible tale of the lewels of Juggernaut and of the vengennee of the great god.

"Many years ago." said my friend. "I was quartered at Fuzurabad, an important military station about 150 miles from the Madras coast. There were a large number of troops there of all descriptions, and certainly for half the year the life we all led was gay and high enough.

"Unfortunately, at the time I was there gambling and betting were much in vogue, and many men plunged and came to grief over their debts of honor. Of all that gay company nobody was more popular and better liked by both men and women than young filtroy; but, unfortunately, he lost meney at the races, tried to recover himself at the whist table, but failed, got into the hands of the Marwarees, and got deeper and deeper into the mire of debt. You could see by his careworn and troubled expression of face that the poor young follow was in a real bad way. I was not surprised, then, when one day he came to me and said: Major. I'm done for, I'm utterly broke. I can't get any more money in the buzaar, and they'll run me is unless I can get away for a bit. I must get to England and see if I can raise the wind there, but goodness knows, said the young fellow bitterly, how I can dare ask my poor old governor. Major, continued he. I must get away: it's simply killing me. You wore agreat firend of my father, and promised to help me. I wish I had stuck to your advice, but it's too late now. Will you come away with me? Give out that we have taken ten days' leave for some shooting, and see me down to the coast. If I go of alone I shall be stopped by those cursed Mawarees."

"After some hesitation I agreed. He sent in his application for leave to Europe on private affairs, and i gave out that I was going on a ten days'

jestival and of the great god, which was especially remarkable for the wonderful jewels it possessed—two emerald eyes of inestimable value, its lips formed of the finest rubies in the world, and, a neckince of priceless pearls.

"The sun was sinking as we heared the town of Puri, and we could see the pinnacles of the temples rise above the trees which surrounded the place. Half a mile the other side of the town stood the Travellors Bungalow, where we intended putting up for the night. During the last twenty-four hours my young companion had kept silence, and was moody and almost sullen whenever I tried to rouse him. A more uncomfortable meal I never ate than the dinner which was served up to us that evening, and I was quite thankful when the poor lad said he was doad beat and would go off to bed. My own room was on the other side of the bungalow, and I took my pipe and sat smoking on the veranga. The moon was just rising, when I thought I saw the figure of a European could be here at the same time. An lices struck me, and I went across to my companion's room. There was nobody in it; the bed was undisturbed. I threw down my pipe and rushed out into the moonlight.

"A few seconds later I was out in the road.

panion's room. There was nobody in it; the bed was undisturbed. I threw down my pipe and rushed out into the moonlight.

"A few seconds later I was out in the road, and turned instinctively in the direction of the town. Running down the road, I soon came to a sandy lade, which went outside the village waits in the direction of the temples, their pinnacles standing out clear and distinct in the meenlight. In the distance I thought I saw the flaure of my poor lad, but soon the turnings and twistings of the lane, with its thick cactus hedges of each side, shut him out from my view. In a few minutes I was close by the big temple compound. Running up to the wall I looked over, and this is what I saw: An enormous gourtyard of paved stone, on which were lying a number of pricess, their wine garments wrapped around their heads and bodies. In the background was placed tomple after temple, but in the centre stood one solitary shrine raised on three separate flights of steps and inside I could see the great black god raised on three other smaller inches of colored marches are the mongreat black god calsed on three other smaller lights of colored marble steps. The moon-beams shone directly on the god and lit up the emerald eyes and ruby lips, while the pearl newkines glowed on his hune black bosom. Not a sound was to be heard except some distant tom-toming. The festival was over and Puri

had lapsed into solemn stience. To my in-utterable horror I saw my companion walking right across the courty and. Not a living creature moved, until a pariah "Not a living creature moved, until a parian dog rose up from near the wall, gave one howl, and then slunk away and crouched down again. Still no one stirred. My longue clove to the roof of my mouth. I dared not shout even if I could have raised my voice. A ghastly harror took hold of me as the idea struck me that in his madness my poor friend intended to save his honor in the greater dishonor of roblety the idea. Speechless I saw him mount that in his madness my poor friend intended to save his honor in the greater dishonor of robbing the idol. Speechiess I saw him mount sten after step, and the pext moment I saw him enter the sacred shrine across the threshold which no other foot but that of the Brahmin has ever passed. Nine steps sed up to the god—one, two, three, four, five, six. He paused, I tried to shout, but no sound would come. He raised his hand as if to tear off the pearl neckince. It was still above his reach, his foot then touched the seventh. Can I ever forget the sight? In the moonlight flashed out two arms covered with a hundred—nay, two hundred—dangers and clasped the daring youth to the black god's breast. At the same moment the sound of a gong broke the stillness of the night, and in one moment the priests had east off their coverings and were rushing to the shrine. Two minutes later I saw the ammaded and horrified priests carrying out the lifeless body of the dishonored Englishman, and I turned and fied."

## A DROP OF WATER'S STORY. No Other Traveller's Journeys Can Compare with Those Made by It.

"It has been more than two hundred years since I passed along here the first time." was the astorishing statement of a stranger who had been padding down White River, and who stopped in the shade of the old covered bridge at Washington street.

"There were no bridges over the stream thou and no renorters here to interview me. In fact, there is little here to remind me of my first trip. This stream has drawn into its bed ince a turtle into its shell since my early days. It use to swell out through all these, owlands. There was no bottom to the water and you couldn't see across it when I was a boy."

"Are you sure this is the same stream?" From the Indianopolis News.

There was no bottom to the water and you couldn't see across it when I was a boy."

"Are you sure this is the same stream?"

"There can't be any mistake about it. I never err in these matters. The course of streams do not change even if they shrink from rivers to brooks. I spent several days in this latitude before, and for a whole week was init up against a big hill which stood out of the water north of here how Crown Hill."

"How often do you make these tours?"

"Tregularly, I am always on the go, but I can't control my conese entirely. I belong to a roving restless, treepressible and almost indestructible rare. One your I min in Australia. Another I am up on the Andes Mountains, bow I am up on Hudson Bay; anon in Yuwatin. My periods of rest are few, yet I never tire. Sometimes I am cut of from many of my tribe, but if I can't reach them one way I do another. My tavorite routes are down the courses of rivers. I never travel over land, and if I have my way or get off into a pend or slough that he are connection with land ways with a many consection with land ways and that he are connection with land ways water. I freshet comes, which enables you to sail out into the waterways. No sometimes that is the case, but if I get tired of waiting and become weary of my

No. Sometimes that is the case, but if I get tired of waiting, and become weary of my companions i shake the mid off my leet, put away terrestrial shape and form, fade into the invisible, and, rising high in the air, seek frien is and congenial climes."

"Who are you, that you do these things?"

"I am a drop of water. Now you can understand why I am old without being gray; how it is that i travel constantly by stream or air, range over the wide creation and sometimes be chance, as fluid or vator, make see and and even third frips to the same piace. But I must be away. I am blied to piny a part in a cloud-burst in Cuba on the lith of this moult."

And the shining drop ran along a drowsy fisherman sime and dropped off on to a black bass shaek, and was lost among a million fellow travelers.

# Take Hood's Sarsaparilla loo Doses One Dollar All Tired Out from the depressing exect of t

All Tired Out from the depressing effect of the changing season, or by hard work and worry—you need the toning, building up, nerve strengthening effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla to give you a feeling of health and strength again. It purities the blood cures billousness, dyspepsia, headache, &c.

Meod's Sarsapartilla is sold by all druggists.

\$1. six for \$5. Prepared by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass Be sure to get Houd's.

THE GREAT LIE OF THE SEASON.

A Mexican Tree That Devours Chickens, From the Globe I

CHIHUABUA, April 22 .- I have taken much interest in the study of botany during my sojourn in this country, the flora of which presents one of the richest fields for the scientists in the world, and have wandered so me distance from town on several occasions in my search for specimens. On one of these expeditions I noticed a dark object on one of the outlying spurs of the Sierra Madre Mountains, which object excited my curiosity so much that I examined it carefully through my field glass. This revealed that the object was a tree of shrub of such an unusual appearance that I re-

shrub of such an unusual appearance that I resolved to visit the shot.

I rode to the mountain, the sides of which sloped sufficiently for me to make my way on herselack to within a few rods of the summit. But here I was stopped by an abrupt rise so steep that I despaired of reaching it even on foot. I went around it several times seeking for some way to climb up, but the lagged beetling rocks afforded not the slightest foothold. On the top of this knob stands the tree I had seen. From the spot on which I now stood I could see that it somewhat resembled in form the weeping willow, but the long, drooping whip-like limbs were of a dark and apparently slimy appearance, and seemed possessed of a horrible lifelike power of coiling and uncolling. Occasionally the whole tree would seem a writhing, squirming mass.

My desire to investigate this strange vegetable product increased on each of the many exercitives.

ing. Occasionally the whole tree would seem a writhing, squirming mass.

My desire to investigate this strange vegetable product increased on each of the many expeditions I made to the spot, and at last I saw a sight one day which made me believe I had certainly discovered an unheard-of thing. A bird which I had watched circling about for some time sinally settled on the top of the tree, when the branches began to awaken, as it were, and to curl upward. They twined and twisted like snakes about the bird, which began to scream, and drew it down in their fearful embrace until I lost sight of it. Horror stricken, I seized the nearest rock in an attenuate to climb the knob. I had so often tried in vain to do this that I was not surprised when I fell back, but the rock was loosened and fell also. It narrowly missed me, but I sprang up unhurt, and saw that the failen rock had left a considerable cavity.

I put my face to fit and looked in. Something like a cavern, the sloor of which had an upward tendency, met my sight, and I felt a current of frosh air blowing on me, with a dry, earthy somell. Evidently there was another opening my trowel, which I always carried on my bottanizing expeditions. I enlarged the hole, and then pushed my way up through the passage. When I had nearly reached the top I looked out cautiously to see if I should emerge within reach of that diabolical tree. But I found it nowhere near the aperture, so I sprang out. I was just in time to see the flattened carcass of the bird drop to the ground, which was covered with bones and feathers.

I approached as closely as I dared and examined the tree. It was low in size, not more than twenty feet high, but covering a great area. Its trunk was of prodigious thickness, knotted and scaly. From the top of this trunk, a few feet from the ground, which was covered with bones and feathers.

I approached as closely as I dared and examined the tree. It was low in size, not more than twenty feet high, but covering a great area. Its trunk was of prodigious thickn

with it. I descended then, and closing the passage returned home.

I went back next day carrying half a dozen chickens with which to feed the tree. The moment I tossed it the Jowls, a violent agitation shook its branches, which swayed to and frowith a shnoon, snaky motion. After devouring the fowls, these branches, fully gorged, drooped to their former position, and the tree, giving no sign of animation, I dared approach it and take the limbs in my hand. They were covered with suckers, resembling the tentacles of an octopus. The blood of the fowls had been absorbed by these suckers, leaving crimeon stains on the dark surface. There was no foliage, of course, of any kind.

Without speaking of my discovery to any one about. I wrote an account of it to the world-famous botanist Prof. Wordenhaupt of the University of Heidelberg, His reply states that my tree is the Arbor Dilabell, only two specimens of which have ever been known—

one on a peak of the Himalayas and the other on the island of Sumatra. Mine is the third. Prof. Wordenhaupt says that the Arbor Diaboit and the plant known as Venus fly-trap are the only known specimens, growing on the land, of those forms of life which partake of the nature of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. although there are instances too numerous to mention found of this class in the sea. The Portuguese man-of-war may be mentioned, however, as one, and the sponge as the best known specimen.

# SAM BRANNAN DEAD.

The Romantic Career of a Famous Pacific Const Character.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Coast Character.

Prom the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 6.—Samuel Brannan, whose career reads like a romance, died mast night at Escondido. San Diergocounty, of inflammation of the boweis. Brannan was the man whom Brigham Young selected to found a Mormon empire on this coast, but the discovery of gold led him to change his plans, and for ten years he was the richest man and leading citizen of California. Then he lost wealth, friends, and heath, and for twenty years has been trying to develop a great concession of land he secured from the Mexican Government.

Brannan was a painter, and came from Saco, Me. in 1846. He chartered the ship Brockiya at New York and came round the liorn with a party of Mormon emigrants. He loaded the ship with everything he thought a colony would need including types and press for a newspaper. Brannan had great trouble with his party, and was forced to put into Honolulu to reprovision the ship. When he arrived here he secured a large body of land near Sutter Fort, on the Sacramento River. Enown ever since as Mormon Island. He himself preached every Sunday, and carried on a general merchandise store during the week. The colony was flourishing, and was in constant communication with Brigham Young, until the gold discovery revolutionized everything in California. Brannan was among the first to learn of the gold nuggets found by Marshall in Surro mill race, and he was shrewd enough to forese the great rush of prospectors which would follow as soon as the discovery was known. He hurried to San Francisco and invested his entire fortune and everything he could borrow in groceries and supplies that minors while need to San Francisco and invested his entire fortune and everything he could borrow in groceries and supplies that minors while he sent to New York for picks, shovels, and miners' pans. When the great rush of argonauts came Hrannan was shout the only one prepared for it, and he eleared an immense profit, making as muchas \$1,000 per day. He alsandoned the Mormon

Branian assisted patrictic parties with large sums of money, and in return obtained a grant of 2,000,000 acres in the Mayo and Yaqui coun-try, but he could do nothing with it lecture of the savage Indians. Then he obtained an-other grant in bonora, which he was lored to give up to the company that paid the large ex-penses of surveying it. For many years fran-nan lived at ouar, mas, but resembly he came back to this state and settled at facondido, which is a large orange gove.

which is a large orange grove.

Though broken in health he was brave in spirit, and a ways declared he should again become a militanaire. He belonged to the Masons and Odd Fellows and no doubt a menument will be raised to his memory.